AUTUMN LEAVES FROM MAPLESIDE

—— BY ——

Sullivan Holman McCollester

To

Prof. Amos E. Dolbear, an old
teacher of mine, who has
made himself a most em-
inent scientist and scholar.
With the kindest regards of the
Author.

1910.

S. H. McCOLLISTER AT 80. D. D. AND D. LIT.

AUTUMN LEAVES FROM MAPLESIDE

BY SULLIVAN HOLMAN McCOLLESTER

GATHERED UPON HIS EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 18TH
1909 — AND AFTER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER-THOUGHTS OF FOREIGN LANDS AND CAPITAL CITIES,"
"BABYLON AND NINEVAH THROUGH AMERICAN EYES,"
"ROUND THE GLOBE IN OLD AND NEW PATHS,"
"MEXICO, OLD AND NEW."

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1909
MARLBORO
NEW HAMPSHIRE

PRINTED BY
THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD

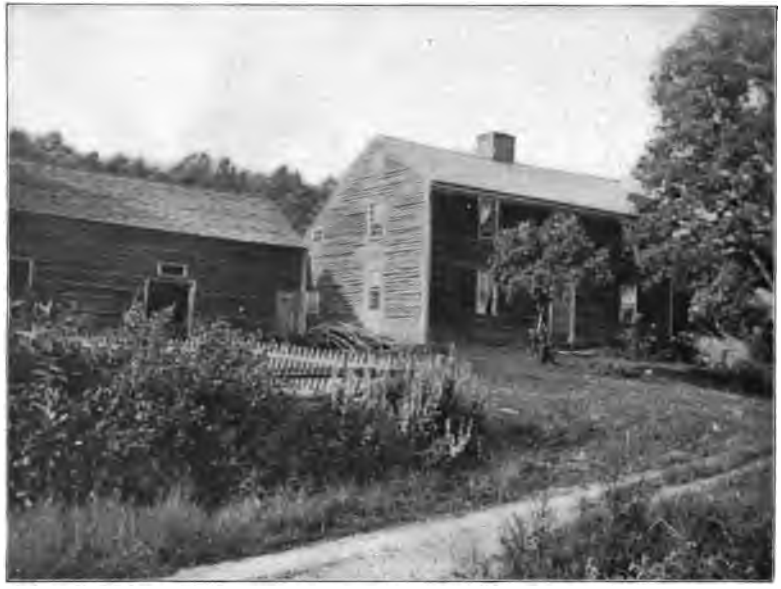
DEDICATED TO FRIENDS AND STUDENTS

WORTHY TO BE REMEMBERED

AND LOVED

CONTENTS.

AUTUMN LEAVES FROM MAPLESIDE



BIRTHPLACE OF SULLIVAN HOLMAN McCOLLISTER

THANKS FOR THE BLESSINGS OF FOURSCORE YEARS.

I.

All thanks to God for the old home,
  Composed of hill and dale,
Of day and night, large house and barn,
  Amidst shades and blooms pale
With flowers bright, meadows and woods,
  Fair rising and setting
Of sun, moon and all lustral orbs,
  And outlook far reaching.

Still more for parents, fond and just,
  Sisters and brothers true,
Ancestors, wise and full of hope,
  Affording joys, not few.
How could he fail to give heart-thanks
  For such a childhood home!
It was quite full of hope and life,
  And duties, not irksome.

He thanks Thee, O God, Thou hast made
  Love to abound!
Enriching heart with trust and joy,

And laughter's sound,
That in the loneliest byways
Sweet bliss be found.

He thanks and worships Thee, Most High!
For flowers in summer
And pearls of dew; in winter, snow,
That faces may glimmer
With life and joy, and hope and song,
Thus giving wings to time,
That days and years fly very fast
Onward to life's full prime.

Yes, thanks for school-days long ago
When, clad in his red frock,
He sat up straight on hard, front board,
Hearing no tick of clock.
When nearly through the hard three R's
He rose to the back seat;
Soon left the common for high school
And found it a great treat.

To school he went years out of town;
When fitted for college
To Norwich and Cambridge he went
For culture and knowledge;
At graduation he resolved
To teach for vocation,
To help the young to understand
Real growth and fruition.

Always he had striven for true culture;
As he had studied books, men and nature,
He longed and strove earnestly for wisdom,
To dwell near God and work in His kingdom.
When other youths would seek the woods and
brook,
From choice in quietness would take a book,
To learn of men and things, all good and true,
To build up character with facts, not few;
So his spare hours ran not to waste nor sport,
To live altogether in passion's fort.

As onward he advanced in truth,
Though amply blest,
He could ne'er find a stopping place
Of perfect rest,
Nor did he pray to, till he had gained
The highest crest.

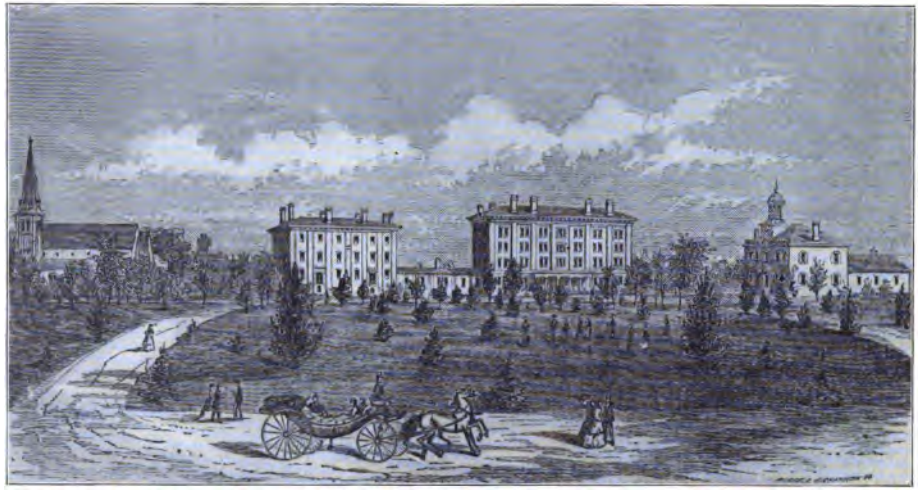
At length he joined the ministry
To his first high calling,
That he might lead securely on
From ways most appalling,
To help young minds to see and know
The godly given them,
Reflected plain from rose and star,
As shown in Bethlehem.

All thanks for his own pleasant home,
  The prize of hearts made one,
Blessing it with Ada, Carrie,
  Lee and Fay from heav'n won;
Each came in sweetness full of life.
  But suddenly all left
Save one, breaking the heart with grief,
  So tryingly bereft.

O, thanks for son still left on earth,
  To grow to full manhood
With heart and mind well disciplined,
  To work for highest good.
Very successful has he been
  In preaching the Gospel,
And leading many souls to Christ,
  And on God's love to dwell.

II.

'Tis not the physical alone
  That makes precious kinship,
If heart and soul are not in it,
  False is relationship;
Then selfishness will mount the horse
  And ride on for mere pelf;
But let kinship come from the heart,
  For others 't will give self.



WESTBROOK SEMINARY AND COLLEGE, 1869

Since great light has fallen on earth
  From higher life and shore,
To prove the risen are alive,
  To die ne'er any more,
The heart cannot too thankful be
  For such news from above!
The realm of God is all crowded
  With his goodness and love.

It is not crushing now to bear
  Hard pain from sudden blow,
For sure the Rock has been smitten,
  Whence waters of life flow;
If heart sorrows for dear ones gone,
  If for them it does long,
It feels that God has led them on,
  And he can do no wrong.

The Comforter has surely come
  Through him who is the way;
He sets the gate of death ajar
  To show the cloudless day,
To help the eye of faith to see
  The glory of heaven
And throngs of friends gone on before,
  To advance in Eden.

For this clear spiritual sight,
  A mind to know and love,

For these sacred, holy longings,
  Which our high heirship prove:
For lives aiding one another
  Under the smile, or rod;
For Amaranth secured aloft,
  He thanks Thee, O, his God!

He 'd learned the mystery of growth duly,
  Not to misjudge mortal changes, decay,
But know, we only hold treasures truly,
  When first, it seems, they sure are gone for
    aye.

III.

He offers thanks for his success
  While teaching district school
In goodly Richmond and Walpole,
  With pupils true to rule:
At maturity many filled
  With honor good places
At home, abroad in public ways,
  Displaying rare graces.

He was Principal full two years
  Of Walpole graded school;
Of Mount Cæsar Seminary
  For nearly five years' rule;

BUCHTEL COLLEGE, 1878

Of Westbrook Seminary, Maine,
  For nine years very sure;
Whose faithful students were anxious
  Their powers to inure.

Through strong, urgent calls he became,
  Without seeking it true,
The Regent of Buchtel College,
  When all was fresh and new;
For six years he was President;
  Then by agued illness
From this high office he resigned,
  To win back healthfulness.

To make a new college alive
  Is no easy affair;
But founder, faculty and all
  Did work with special care,
To make the college notable,
  Where students could enter
And graduate with high honor,
  And patrons could center.

All thanks to Thee, Most Holy One!
  That this work did advance,
That college soon did win a name
  For thrift and vigilance,
For order and scholarship high,
  And strict moral culture;

To put in place of wornout themes.
  Devout ethic nurture.

So students free in mind and heart
  Could worship the Most High;
Yet charged in classics and science,
  Exactness to apply,
According to rule and logic;
  Thus they were trained to think
And led to seek high attainment,
  And of Christ-waters drink.

IV.

So leaving college with regret
  Because of failing health, he went
Abroad to lands as amoret,
  For fairest and rarest things, sent.

He felt the highest vocation
  Is teaching mind to think and seek
For true knowledge without pretense,
  Yet making it polished and meek.

For pleasures real on land and sea;
  For knowledge from afar;
For visits oft to school and church
  To bless heart and not mar:

For all the wondrous and grand works
  Of creation in sight;
As these were really seen and felt
  He thanks God with his might.

To walk where Christ and prophet trod,
  And sick folk had been healed,
And many wonders had been wrought
  And highest truth revealed;
To have what has been mystery
  Opened up to be clear;
For these all thanks to God on high
  For his bright light, so dear!

For climbing up Mount Lebanon,
  For bathing in Jordan,
For outlook from Mount Olivet,
  For seeing fount of Dan.
For sight of stars o'er Bethlehem,
  For rest in Bethany,
Devoutest thanks Holy Father
  For such a blest meiny!

'T is good to count and con these o'er,
  And so renew the sights
Through active, strong, mental efforts
  In clear, divinest lights:
Yet after all, 'tis mind that sees,
  When thrilled through with the good;

The soul lives not on things of sense,
  But on eternal food.

He's traveled many thousand miles;
  Has been wrecked twice at sea;
Still in his wand'rings here and there,
  From harm he has been free.
O God, thanks to Thee for safety!
  Most kind thou hast e'er been
Through day and night, storm and sunshine,
  That knowledge he might win.

V.

He feels now we need n't go abroad
  For the delectable;
For right here in our own blest land
  Are things most valuable:
Admire the scenes of Italy,
  Or high Swiss mounts and lakes;
Sure these do n't surpass in grandeur
  Our loftiest estates.

Huge rocks do rise sublimely high
  In Yosemite Dale!
Niagara and White Mountains,
  And Wondrous Mammoth Vale,

Have no equals in foreign lands:
  Ours stand superb and best,
Whether studied separately,
  Or viewed with all the rest.

Our national institutions,
  Our schools and churches free,
Produce better results than all
  Across the wide, deep sea.
Electrics, telegraphs and 'phones,
  Originated here:
All thanks be unto thee, O God,
  For legacies so dear!

Here many jewels are unfound
  In our own native land,
Which diligence will discover
  In quarry, shell and sand,
To hang round the neck of fancy,
  As clearest gems to shine
In darkness and bitterest grief,
  To furnish light divine.

Our sunsets, O yes, how splendid!
  And shooting Northern lights!
The clouds, how brilliant with colors
  That deck loftiest heights!
The soft twilight, how it lingers
  Exciting pure feeling,

That mind may be induced to know
  The worth of high being.

What progress is in store for mind set free,
From earthly drawbacks and allowed to see
The work, begun here, perfected above
And all eternity made helpful love!

Let him, O Father, prize highly this life,
And willing be, to bear its toil and strife,
That all the better fitted he may be
To live and work and grow and dear friends see.

VI.

The seen we just begin to know,
  However long we live;
It cannot otherwise be true
  Than that our God will give
Opportunity for learning,
  As higher up we pass;
The things which here we could not grasp,
  There we 'll know all, alas!

Thus meditating, his own land
  Seems the dearest of all;
His native state, his natal town,
  And birthplace claim first call;

HOME OF S. H. McCOLLISTER, 1909

The home where he has longest lived,
  Holds first choice on his part;
So Mapleside, his domicile,
  Is dearest to his heart.

His great grandsire first purchased it;
  His parents long owned it;
He chanced here, and here he abides,
  To till and to plant it
With fruit trees, maples and chestnuts,
  And cedars and roses;
Here glows the sun, early and late;
  In peace the day closes.

Contentment he has here enjoyed
  With high-minded consort,
Much loved children and truest friends,
  Making a sweet resort.
His library of books is here;
  Each one, he knows, commends
High thinking and devout living,
  That life be all amends.

In his study away from noise
  He has held communion
With Moses, David, Paul and John,
  Shakespeare and Washington,
Franklin, Emerson and Homer,
  With throngs of followers,

To prove *experience, the teacher,*
  And all men his scholars.

He finds it pleasant to recall
  How he induced brothers
To aim aloft, seeking knowledge
  In high school with others,
Whose parents felt this could not be;
  Still to his school they went;
In learning great progress they made
  With strong minds rightly bent.

This pleased parents and gained consent
  For them to college go;
They worked their way, graduating
  With class honors, not low;
Then for awhile studied and taught
  With eminent success;
As debts were paid, one his mind-force
  To healing did address.

The other in his seeking strove
  To master chemistry,
Being proficient in science
  And laws of his country;
Both already in their line are
  Adepts and widely known;
The chemist is authority
  From his science-seed sown.

Dear sisters, too, he encouraged
  To fit themselves to teach;
All these did patronize his school,
  And for knowledge did seek:
At length some taught with good success,
  Later helped make good homes,
Crowning them with Christian graces
  And love's bright polished domes.

All thanks and praise he gives to God
  For these precious blessings
On this his Eightieth Birthday!
  For all these his heart sings
Gladdest pæans of praise and cheer,
  To keep the mind from age,
And conscious how little it knows
  Of infinite knowledge.

Still ne'er has he so longed to know
  As now of wisdom's ways;
As he looks through the glass of time,
  Here and there and always,
He sees signs of ever living,
  That mind may seek and know
High truth below, high truth above,
  Which sets all things aglow.

He knows gold is still in the rocks
  Of ages to be found,

Which diligence 'll delight to find,
  And diamonds in the ground,
Which culture will seek for till found,
  For these are beautiful;
When seen by one of thought and taste,
  They are truly helpful.

VII.

Already science has unfurled
  Its colors, doing things
In earth and far extended sky,
  To clip electric wings;
Thus these bright bubbles on the rim
  Of eternity glow,
To show that mind in the saint-land
  Can great truths come to know.

To keep young, one must think and do
  To help and bless truly,
That goodness shall end in ripeness
  And wrong shall die surely.
So aided he does with his might
  The duty close at hand,
Conscious the All-Wise 'll compensate
  All doing his command.

The prayer on his birthday is
  That Deity may hold

All souls, young and old, in his arms,
  Bearing them to his fold,
That they may e'er live, love and grow,
  Rapidly advancing,
Giving devout thanks to the Lord
  That life is unending.

VIII

Sermons three thousand has he preached;
  Funerals attended
Numbering sure fifteen hundred
  With weddings oft blended:
A thousand lectures he's given
  On culture and travels
In his country and Great Britain
  Upon hill and levels.

Through these changes hair has silvered,
  The crowfoot marked the face,
To show the house in which he lives,
  Is falling in its place.
These transits do not affect him;
  He feels young as afore.
So should it be, let flesh grow old,
  And mind grow young in lore.

"Old age of youth is forty years,"
  Declares Victor Hugo;

Yet eighty years seem young to him,
  As onward he does go,
The spring time only of soul-life;
  It is his chiefest noy
To know, he 's done little for men,
  While Christ *died* for their joy.

Descending now the sunset slope
  Thoughtfully he would plan,
To admire the works of nature,
  To serve God and help man.
As earth's drama shall seem to close
  He longs to hear the call,
"Up higher, come away from earth,
  To thank God for it all."

IX.

The little child he knows relies
  On an arm not his own,
Conscious he is not strong nor wise;
  He shuns the dark, alone;
But let kind parents be at hand,
  Tenderly to abide,
And he at once is shorn of fear,
  For true love is his guide.

Thus let man in his God confide,
  Whatever then befall,

On him surely he can rely,
  Heeding always his call;
Then, though he may seem to stumble,
  God will not let him fall,
But keep him humble and thankful,
  To love him most of all.

Heart-thanks to Thee, O God, for having made
        Love to abound
In earth below and in all realms above,
        To bring around
The ultimate rescue of every soul,
        A work profound!
So neither life, nor death, nor change below,
        Nor change above,
Can ever separate us, while we live,
        From his great love,

X.

Eye hath not seen nor tongue hath told,
  Nor ear hath heard it sung,
How joyous, if body be old,
  The heart can e'er be young!
Thanks, O God, to Thee, when old age
  Has strong muscle unstrung,
That mind, the most exalted gift,
  Can keep advanced years young.

Then let whatever will betide
  To hinder or oppose,
If only he press on in life,
  Heaven will be its close.
What though the road be very rough,
  It can't be very long:
He'll smooth it with hope and good cheer
  And most celestial song.

To stand still is always hurtful;
  We should be active now,
That when the close of life shall come,
  There'll be sweat on the brow;
The Master then will be smiling
  At setting of the sun,
And 'll say, "Good and faithful servant,
  I pay thee with *well done*."

Thus many of our precious ones
  Have passed to the bright shore;
So it was with Christ and apostles
  And all, wise in true lore.
May he have like experience
  As he'll cross the river
To friends, so many, tried and loved
  To be a true liver.

There meeting all whom he has known
  And honored in earth-land;

How glad this will make mind and soul
  To be 'midst that vast band,
To live and act forevermore
  In serving Highest will!
This 'll make heaven so sweet a boon
  As sainted minds to thrill.

So long as helpful he can be
  To near and distant friends,
O God, let him remain on earth,
  To tell how thy love sends
All things divine to human souls,
  But when the body numbs,
Then speedily let him depart
  Whither no evil comes;

To live, love, learn, work and grow there,
  The mortal laid aside,
That he no longer be hindered
  In doing what 'll abide;
Where life consists in knowing God
  And him whom he hath sent.
Then for such favors may his thanks
  Forevermore be spent!

XI.

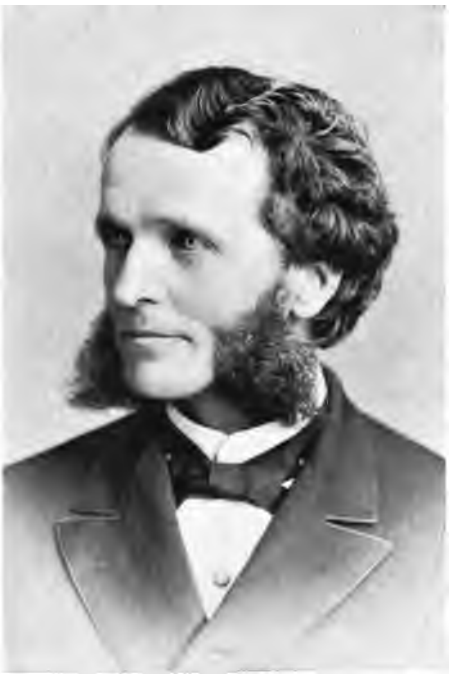
All we can take through the gates ajar
  Is just what we are;

No gold, no pearls, no great wealth will remain
The pure soul to stain.

Yet, over the dark Jordan we can go
Without any foe,
By clasping the Father's hand, heeding his voice
From our own free choice.

Thus our dark, earthly, silent, starless night
Will be changed to light,
As radiant faces welcome us there,
Freed from sin and care.

After harvest of sowing eighty years,
Here is sweet rest in spite of work and tears,
As memory stores up shocks of stray wheat,
To feed and cheer the heart in glad retreat,
Making ready for smooth passage ahead,
To be nearer God than ever before
In thought, feeling, doing, loving far more
Than possible, as mortal, heretofore.



S. H. McCOLLISTER AT 50. A. B. AND A. M.

NEEDED HELP.

Revealed, it is to us always,
  As time on wings rushes along,
That God's tender and fond embrace
  Is holding us lovingly strong.

'T is not alone 'mid joy and smiles,
  Our hearts and minds grow wise and true,
The larger growth is in the shade
  Where pain and sorrow have their due.

Tears often prove glasses to souls;
  Sweet love may come by sore despair,
Enriching life by lasting gain,
  To fix affections on things fair.

Experience proves more and more,
  As we journey on each new day,
That light from the good Father's face
  Is shining full upon our way.

So 'midst all life's bright tints and shades,
  We can hold fast the Father's hand,
And be assured through night and day,
  That he will guide to the Home Land.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Is what? 'Tis virtue, 'tis truth, 'tis goodness,
Religion and wisdom joined with meekness;
'Tis the bow of hope, the sunbeam of love,
A gem and pearl from pure heaven above;
'Tis the beauty of beauties, angel's dove,
To conduct our hearts to Infinite Love,
To grow us to highest capacity,
Dwelling on earth or in eternity.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Last New Year's day was fair as May;
The sky was blue with deepest ray;
O'er hills and in the vales was snow,
Making a splendid crystal glow.

The boys and girls were all astir
With sleds and skates, wearing no fur;
The air was filled with cheerful song,
Causing the day to speed along.

The birds of winter as of yore,
Did their best to fly afore;
The puffy chickadee and jay
Seemed bound to make a gala day.

Young men called on young ladies fair,
To wish them joy and bliss most rare:

The old and worn remained indoors,
To con their joys and do their chores.

Some sorrowed at the empty chair,
The unread book and lock of hair;
The year had changed joys and gladness
To hours of tears and lone sadness.

Since God does always for the best;
This truth divine imparts soul-rest;
'T is passing out of lone drear night
Into a day of brightest light.

As we study inspiration
We learn of the soul's duration,
How 't was born to live forever
And do with highest endeavor.

So death turns gross darkness to light;
Thus putting off weakness for might;
The past with joy we now recall
And hope on with no fear at all.

To this end we climb New Year's wall
With joy and hope, dreading no fall,
Enjoying scenes, future and past,
To build up character to last.

This was my New Year's rosary
With strangely varied glossary,
Inwoven with snow and flowers,
To end time in Eden Bowers.

EASTER.

Glad Easter 's here again!
Accompanied with beauty of spring;
Its bells far and wide are clear ringing;
To hearts the sweetest joys 'tis bringing
Without any refrain.

Now hope lights up the way;
In woods and vales flowers are springing;
In copse and orchards birds are singing;
And brooks, purling and free, are pouring
Out music night and day.

Now sorrow finds relief,
Since Easter proclaims, "Christ is risen";
The tomb, no longer a dark prison,
But window of light in profusion,
To fill souls with belief.

The stone is rolled away;
Sad hearts need no longer to sorrow,
For life and comfort it can borrow,
To soothe and bless, today and morrow,
The soul, yes, and for aye.

We should welcome Easter,
As the key to many a mansion
Where dwell lost friends through blest ascension.
Whose names we love and often mention,
Perfecting character.

OUR EDA.

She was a darling, bright,
With eyes all light;
Her cheeks were rosy red,
With beauty fed.

Her hair was flaxen silk,
Without least bilk;
Her features allured sure
The hearts, all pure.

Awake, she was astir,
Yet all loved her;
In act helpful she 'd be
As all could see.

Precocious, keen in mind
The new to find,
A leader, with her mates,
As caused by fates.

And she felt all to bless,
And none depress;
Her soul was full of cheer,
Causing no fear.

Nice things she did enjoy,
Yet ever coy;
Her voice was sweet and strong,
So felt the throng:

As she would sing to them
Of Bethlehem,
Giving joy to the place
With happy grace.

She was the light of home,
Being ne'er unwelcome:
We 'd dreamed dreams of her
Without a blur.

Yet brief were her summers,
Though health was hers,
Before a messenger
Came down eager,

And translated Eda,
Our blest Eda,
From our home to heaven,
Our hearts riven.

But he who gave the child
So fair and mild,
Did lift the veil and showed
How his works glowed!

And how she lives to know
And upward go,
With cherished ones for aye
With all to say:

"Advance through all æons
With orisons
To God, knowing, loving,
And still growing."

DANDELION.

The dandelion has once more come,
  To drop blossoms of gold
On lawn and meadow, to welcome
  Sweet flowers, manifold;

To multiply fast in the fields
  As warm, balmy winds blow,
Increasing from one, countless yields,
  To make the landscape glow.

These gems of gold so thick in grass,
  As making fairies smile,
And human eyes sparkle to pass,
  Are ever free from guile.

They become more beautiful still,
  As the gold turns to white,
Forming wondrous seed-globes on hill
  And plain, ever in sight.

As their seeds perfect rise aloft
  On wings by help of wind,

They seem to be celestial oft,
  And moved by will of mind.

The dandelions thus are exalted,
  Imparting lessons high,
To help souls be wise and sainted
  And feel, God is near by.

EARLY SPRING.

Once more fresh spring has come,
  To make all new,
To arch the vales and hills
  With deepest blue;
The sparrows have their wills
  And robins, too.

Warm rains and sunshine fall
  In turn and mass,
To grow things great and small,
  The bud and grass,
To cover field and wall,
  To be first-class.

Leafage soon robes the woods,
  To be all fanned
By breeze from shore and sea,
  Mountain and land,
For a panacea,
  Ever at hand.

The arbutus now smiles
  In the lone dell;
The bluets star the fields
  Without a knell;
Cold winter to spring yields
  With joyous spell.

Now earth is full of life
  With all so new;
For spring brings forth summer
  With crystal dew
And would have all glimmer
  For rarest view.

Who does n't like early spring
  With its high calls,
" Up higher in the light
  Where nothing palls,
But all live where 't is bright
  And naught enthralls? "

JUNE.

O June! delightsome month of June!
When all on earth appear in tune!
You put on finish sure to spring,
As all her bells do widely ring;
You usher in the glad summer,
While voices breathe not a murmur;
You give the world the longest day
And bring it forth with lustrous ray
And paint its close with choicest hues
And spray its fields with sparkling dews.
The vireo now sweetly sings,
As on the limb she calmly swings.
O June! the month of bluest skies!
And numberless gay butterflies!
All things below declare you best!
So carols lark when near her nest.
The sweetest scent from every rose
Delights us as the wind oft blows;
Red clover smiles being in bloom,
And timothy waves high its plume;
The bee, as light reflects the morn,
Goes forth to fill with sweets her horn;
At night even the stars above
Appear to drop new rays of love.
Thus nature sings to all in tune,
"No other month can equal June!"

The mounts of Eden glow her sheen,
To furnish thoughts and joys serene.
O, come, securely pleasant June!
And pitch all souls in perfect tune!
To sing great praise to you in name
Because of all the months, *the dame!*
So may all hearts be one at noon,
At morn and night, to honor June!

A SUNDAY RIDE WITH CARRIE.

The morn was fair and very bright;
  A voice bid us away;
So Carrie and myself made haste,
  To ride that sacred day.

Our course was down through the valley
  By river wide and grand;
Of which great poets have sweetly sung
  And art painted the land.

It was the early summer time;
  All was alive with praise;
The clover was in bloom and birds
  Did songs of gladness raise.

The ride with its inspiring views,
  So filled us with the good

That on arrival at the church
  We were in holy mood.

Over the hills was our return;
  Most charming was the way!
When height of land was gained, we there
  Desired to stop and stay.

But as this would n't do, on we drove
  And soon reached Spofford Lake,
The most beautiful water gem
  In all the Granite State.

Its surface was like polished glass,
  Reflecting along shore
Grand trees, neat cottages and men
  Seeking for ease and lore.

As Carrie observed, felt and thought,
  She was filled with delight;
As we approached a woodsy spot,
  We stopped, O, what a sight!

Mayflowers starred all the rich ground;
  Dismounting, soon the hands
Were loaded full of sweet blossoms
  Which were tied fast with bands.

Soon nosegays were made for mother
  Of blooms most pinky white;

Suddenly she looked up to me
  With eyes flashing sharp light;

Exclaiming, "Papa, are n't you glad,
  You have a good daughter
To ride and go to church with you?"
  "Yes," came forth instanter!

She had been bright sunbeams of light
  All through the ride and day!
Now verily 'midst flowers rare,
  She was a lovely Fay!

In heaven she was needed sure,
  For less than a fortnight,
A messenger at twilight came
  And bore her from our sight.

Through faith now only to be seen,
  Thrilled with glad joys on high,
Amidst perennial flowers,
  Too beautiful to die!

OUR PINERY.

I planted out the trees with care
After they were dug up as rare,
In woods near and across the sea,
To beautify the lawn and lea.
There was delight in setting them
Out, as voices sang glad anthem:
Because, when they should grow in size,
It was felt they would be a prize,
To break the wind from Mapleside,
That far off it might safely glide.
Then as the breeze should stir the leaves
The sweetest music from the trees
Would cheer the heart and calm the mind,
Tending to make life pure and kind.
We were engaged in this good scheme
For others, to render supreme
In giving joy and real comfort,
As they should make it their resort,
In winter cold, to break the blast;
In summer hot, to cool air fast.
But Providence keeps us alive
To see his forces act and strive,
To grow sprouts to large, shady trees,
Making a home for birds and bees
All through the long days of the year;
As frosts arrive and leaves fall sear

Bluejays, titmouse and squirrels claim
A share in it without least blame,
To enjoy its evergreen shade,
As fine and fair as can be made.
From windows as we throw out corn
Down they hasten on snow or lawn,
To pick it up and bear aloft,
To eat, or hide, to become soft.
Our Pinery now seems a gift
From God for a divine uplift
To heart and soul in many ways
Without any long, sad delays.
It proffers physical bequests,
And gratifies reflective guests,
As moving limbs cut arcs and curves
And ellipsoids which the wind serves.
To the ear it appeals in strains
Of sweet concord without refrains,
As leaves are moved, making music,
Æolian and estatic,
It speaks to heart of God and life,
How it was made without harsh strife
From the seen and invisible,
To teach, spirit is possible,
Yea, the mother of all things seen,
More real than matter, to redeem
And bring eternal life to light,
Showing translated friends in sight.

No wonder the Greeks supplied woods
With sylphs, nymphs, elfs and strange goods
For trees were temples for their gods
Under which priests girded with ephods
Worshipped and worshipped oft and long,
Serving gods in prayers and song.
Our Pinery one God reveals,
Who, as Father, every soul seals.

OCTOBER.

The year is made splendid
  By charms of October!
The sun spreads gold on mountain top;
The stars by night ne'er make a stop,
And harvest gives abundant crop,
  That none be sober.

For while this month gilds leaves
  For nature's fair cover,
It paints tall tree and lowly herb,
And renders hill and vale superb,
And puts the ugly under curb,
  To glint October.

Russet cheeked, ruby crowned,
  Hies in bright October!
Woodbine and ivies twine his crest,

While leaves of splender robe his breast,
And his feet in aster tufts rest
  Amid red clover.

A king of all the months
  Is golden October!
He rules in glory on the hills
And sways his sceptre by cool rills,
And magnificent works he builds
  All the earth over.

It is no useless thing
  To admire October!
To live in his fair blue weather,
To roam fields with friends together,
As free as birds of a feather,
  Clasped firm together.

Dear friend now struggle on
  Till earthly toil's over;
You rise by help of by-gone years;
As Jordan, its darkness gone, nears
With peerless diadem appears
  Your own October.

FAY BOY.

A darling child was he,
As ever there could be;
He was delightsome round my study chair;
His body, head and heart,
Seemed just right from the start
So we felt, he 'll long be with us, so fair.

But sickness came to him;
His eye soon became dim,
And suddenly our Fay was borne from sight
Filling our hearts with grief
And no conscious relief,
For sorrow and darkness shut out all light.

Still we could n't think him dead,
As his form lay in bed,
Though his eyes were closed and his cold hands still,
Yet the child so beloved
Could only be removed
To higher conditions by Divine Will.

Such feeling dried the tears
And somehow quelled the fears,
That we might know, "It is well with the child,"
That God hath taken him
To dwell with seraphim,
That henceforth he might shun the wrong and wild.

So in daily prayer
To God our tried hearts dare
Submit to his will and sad Providence,
Feeling his ways are just
And so in him we 'd trust,
Our Fay Boy is living, in innocence.

Yes, he lives; tell us where?
Near us everywhere;
Not in the raiment he was wont to wear,
That hath returned to dust,
As sure all bodies must,
However, the beautiful child isn't there.

It is spirit that lives;
To this the Father gives
Eternal life that sorrow we may bear,
And dwell at his right hand
In midst of kindred band,
And so in heaven meet our Fay Boy there.

ASCENT OF LITTLE FEET.

What was the music sound
Heard I oft,
Very soft,
As I wandered around:
Was it rain
On the pane,
Then falling on the ground
Which I heard,
Not absurd?

Nay, something far more fleet,
Here and there,
On the stair:
Sounds came of little feet,
Not of gloom
To my room,
As they my ear did greet,
Dear Carrie,
Eda, fairy!

Smiling with fair faces
On the floor
Through the door,
Yet with pleasing graces
Did their feet,
Most complete,

Echo joy from their prances,
As they ran
Without plan.

So their wee feet did fall,
Fast clatter,
Soft patter,
Through house and through the hall,
Till one day
They fell prey
In body to death's call,
And their feet
Echoed sweet,
As they passed up to God.

MONADNOCK.

Southward turn, O Time, in thy flight!
That I may enjoy clearest sight,
As I was wont to in boyhood,
When nature promised only good,
To feed, replenish and bless mind
With landscapes finest of their kind!
Not far southward beyond the dale
There he mostly stood with no veil.

Young hearts would surely thrill and leap,
As the sun o'er his head would creep!

Setting summit and all aglow,
With silver fired, making great show,
As the sun rose towards high noon,
To prove himself a precious boon
By setting hills and vales on fire,
To furnish hearts all they desire.

Then Old Monadnock was monarch!
His head above soaring of lark;
Delighting to entice clouds near,
That they might kiss with no fear,
Yielding at once to his command
And willingly clasp his great hand,
Crowning beautifully his brow
Forcing all below him to bow.

It is delightful to be born
Where hills, plains, dales and woods adorn
Landscapes for beauty, unsurpassed,
Producing impressions that last,
To turn thoughts from earth-scenes above,
To admire God's vastness and love,
Showing whence come the great and small,
To call forth deepest thanks for all.

When a small boy I could but ask,
Whence, how is Monadnock so vast?
Feeling, he must be very old,
Being grey and worn with age and mould.

Geology surely has found
Traces far back through stone and ground
Footprints made by measureless time,
And facts cut into hardest lime.

'T is said he slipped from nature's lap,
As she was producing full map
Of New Hampshire, grand and sublime!
Mount Washington, near first in time,
Leading forth Old Man of the Notch,
Famed 'bove anything, English or Scotch;
Could he come by mere accident?
His incoming was provident.

Watchman and warden has he stood
With scepter swaying e'er for good.
Mayflower he saw enter port,
Pilgrims he saw build a strong fort,
And how all settled on Plymouth's shore,
Establishing church, school and more,
That freedom of conscience might reign
Supreme on every hill and plain.

Sentinel was he as he saw
Bunker Hill-fight without least law,
And poor Indian long before,
Roaming wilderness and seashore,
Pitching wigwam by brook and spring,
That he might dwell in peace and sing;

He saw white manc ome here and take
The land as his, a sad mistake.

Old Monadnock, honor to Thee!
For what thou hast been and wilt be!
Thy fame extends over the earth;
Thy name is dear in gloom and mirth;
Ever thou dost proudly behold
Thousands of homes, ne'er to be sold;
Whose inmates do enjoy real life,
Relieved of fear and anxious strife.

Throngs have climbed to thy pinnacle,
Regarding it no miracle,
To see the settlements and lakes,
Affording views best, nature makes.
As I looked from Lebanon Mount,
Alpines, Rockies, these could not count
Against thy fair prospects and reign
O'er landscapes, beautiful and plain.

Thou 'st been help, cheer and strength to me
In rounding the whole world to see
Peoples, sights and institutions,
Mindful of thy exhibitions;
Thou gavest joy in youthful days,
As I would look with earnest gaze
At morn to see thee in gold-blaze,
Or at sunset aglow with praise.

Thy head at my home still in sight,
Thou givest sure greatest delight!
Thou art true weather predictor,
And sometimes wild storm dictator!
Pleasure I feel to acknowledge
Thee monarch of thy realm, and pledge
Thee admiration and true love,
Till God doth call us all above.

ANGELIC AID.

Do we feel and know that
  Hand in hand we range
With angels all the way
  Through this world of change?
Far sweeter voices call us
  Upward than we think,
As heavenward we go,
  Escaping each brink.

We know something guides us,
  That is out of sight,
And leads us lovingly
  Into paths of right;
Its arms and hands are n't felt
  By our mortal grasp;
Soul to soul always clings
  With tenderest clasp.

This seraph leadership,
  Felt every day,
Should ever be prized more
  Than language can say.
The higher only aids
  The lower and leads
It on and up to God,
  Doing worthy deeds.

SUNSET OF LIFE.

The river is calmest, meeting the tide;
The flowers are sweetest at eventide;
The birds sing happiest at close of day;
Man seems noblest when just passing away.

Morning is wide awake, ev'ning has charms
That soothe and quiet with most cordial balms;
And weary man must like her sure the best,
For morning says *hard work*, but evening, *rest*.

Night comes so gently and so softly bears
Peacefulness as hushing with seraphs airs,
To speed and strengthen men in their race
To banish weariness from every face.

How all becomes hushed and still as night throws
Round earth and sky her calmness and repose!

To brood and nourish a helpful power,
Which cannot be secured from morning hour.

While day lasts man must labor on and pray
Let whatever come to pass as it may:
Thus it is in time and all through this life;
There can't be rest amidst physical strife.

A HAPPY DAY.

Would you know how this is made?
  Confide in God;
He knows the way, he is staid,
  Full of method.
So trust and go on his way,
  As he leadeth,
And you will have as fair a day,
  As you hopeth;
Him only trust, that is all;
  Then the day will surely be
Happy whatever befall,
  Serenely joyous and free.

Yes, duly trust, love and ask
  God's leadership,
And he will give thee no task,
  Rather friendship,

To speed thee right onward still
  Doing his will,
And thus thy cup of joy fill,
  Doing his will;
He who formed thee to do good,
  Will not fail to reach his end,
For he is e'er understood,
  His succor ready to lend.

Let us put in his keeping
  Every care,
Yes, right away ere sleeping,
  And we shall fare
In life's severe battle well,
  Pressing onward,
Anxious of his love to tell,
  Helping upward.
O, how plain is all the way!
  Fitted up by the All-Good,
To a truly Happy Day,
  When souls feed on angel-food.

NEVER SO LIGHT BEFORE.

Sunlight is one of the best gifts
  To mortals while on earth;
It ope's the bud, the soul uplifts;
  It rarely causes death.

Apply the prism to one white ray.
  And lo! it unfolds seven
Exquisite hues through the assay,
  And will mind enliven.

All light is full of great surprise;
  The birds so sing at dawn,
The stars declare it as they rise,
  And so the sports of fawn.

It is the force that wakes up life;
  Gross darkness, oh! how still!
But light sure fills the day with strife,
  Yet all's full of good will.

The last words of Goethe spoken
  Were these, "Give me more light."
He felt light his soul would quicken
  And make all truly bright.

A precious friend passing away,
  Truly herself in lore,

As things she often scanned would say
  "Never so light before."

Her soul seemed to have countless eyes
  To see by one vast Sun
Most clearly that which never dies,
  The life-work being done.

God said at first, "Let there be light,"
  Great darkness fled away,
And earth and heaven felt his might,
  And all proclaimed, "'Tis day!"

As progress has been made onward,
  God's seal has been more light!
He 'll not change, as all go upward
  To Mansions always bright.

THE SOUL-LAND.

Across the River, just from sight,
Is Eden, so blissful and so bright;
It needs no sun for light or heat
Where all classes are wont to meet.

The Master Builder made it fair,
Attractive, sure for all to heir;
No sin, nor tears, nor sickness blight
That land of bliss just out of sight.

This side the River are death and dismay,
All things are changing and full of decay,
Our day is fleeting and ere it is night,
We cross the River sure, just out of sight.

The River often looks dismal and wide;
Some fear lest they cannot withstand the tide,
And feel their own garments will not be white,
As they reach the soul-land, just out of sight.

From many dear homes all have gone
On angel wings, feeling no thorn;
Some go so still and sweetly o'er
The River none hear dip of oar.

All can secure, if they but will, a guide,
Who will conduct and keep them by his side;
He is the way, the truth and fullest light
To *the soul-land* that is just out of sight.